Hast. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well.
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesser hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Dor. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his face.
Dor. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?
Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp,
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord,
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Telst thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt manet.*
Ha. Woe woe for England, not a whit for me: *Cat. with Hast.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdaind, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my foote cloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.
Cat. Dispatch my Lo. the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aier of your faire looke,
Liues like drunken Saylers on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come cousin, canst thou quake & change thy colour:
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe, and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian;
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:
Intending deere suspition, gastly lookes
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Gl. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. L. Maior.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reason we haue sent for you,
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs,
Glo. O, O, be quict, it is Catesby.